

# The Musical World.

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**MR. J. VON JOEL** will play his Waltz, "THE SILVER CORD," at the International Exhibition THIS DAY, in the German Court.

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No. 33

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The travelling expenses of the Candidates who shall be summoned to the trial will be paid by the Dean and Chapter.

College, Durham, July 23, 1862.

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MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

My *chronique musicale*, properly so-called, will not be very long this week, for the simple reason that I have not much to offer you in the way of news. However, I will do the best I can, and no one, as far as I know, can well do more. The first fact to be recorded is the appearance of the liliputian violinists, Julie and Juliette Delepiere, at the Victoria Theatre. Without going into a detailed account of their performances, I may observe that they were greatly applauded, and vociferously summoned at the conclusion of the entertainment to bow, or rather curtsy, their thanks. For myself, however, the sight was not a pleasing one. I do not like infant prodigies, and when I saw these two little children standing before the astonished and excited audience, with scarcely a smile upon their tiny faces, and a "plentiful lack" of animation in their large, lustreless eyes, I could not help asking myself the question, What must they have gone through; to what severe and exhausting training must they have been subjected; how must they have been isolated and cut off from all the usual sports and pastimes of childhood—nay, almost infancy—to be enabled to attain such a degree of skill? The subject, to my mind, at least, is a sad one, well adapted to the moralisings of any modern "melancholy Jacques."

All Berlin has gone mad about the Japanese Ambassadors, who have been fêted, lionized, and caressed to within an inch of their lives, that is, unless they are blessed with such superhuman constitutions as not to feel that pleasure may sometimes be attended with fatigue. Among other entertainments got up for their especial behoof, by Royal command, was a monster military concert, at the above theatre. Both the buildings—the so-called summer and winter theatres—were flung into one, so as to form a single immense hall, in which the different bands were heard to the greatest advantage. All the pieces, performed with admirable dash and precision, were warmly applauded. The performances of the warrior musicians were varied by the execution of "Le Carnaval de Venise," played by the little Delepières. The gardens attached to the establishment were gaily decorated, and illuminated like poor old Vauxhall on extraordinary occasions in days of yore, by I do not know how many thousand additional lamps, the interesting strangers expressing their satisfaction with an amount of demonstrative eagerness contrasting strangely with the stoical placidity which, I hear, was the prominent characteristic of their demeanour in London. At Kroll's, also, a grand concert, followed by *tableaux vivants*, which appeared to please them mightily, was given for their delectation. Determined not to be behindhand in politeness, and actuated slightly by the knowledge that the public is sure to follow wherever the Japanese go, the management of the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theatre gave them a concert and a grand display of fireworks. The programme comprised, among other things, Offenbach's *Orpheus*, the *libretto* being considerably abridged, and, moreover, translated into English for the benefit, I was informed, of the illustrious foreigners, though how it could benefit them I am at a loss to discover, as I do not think they know much more of English than of German; they are certainly far better acquainted with High Dutch than either. The sisters Delepiere, who did not prove a pecuniary success at the Victoria Theatre, have moved to this establishment. I hope they may be more fortunate in their new quarters, but I have no very firm faith in the realisation of my hope.

Mad. Rettich, the celebrated tragic actress, or, to use the word now in fashion, *tragédienne*, from the Imperial Burg-Theater, Vienna, has been declaiming Schiller's ballad, "Hero und Leander," with a musical accompaniment by Lindpaintner. I am not at all astonished that a musician should be worked up by his admiration for a production like "Hero und Leander" to illustrate it musically, but, at the same time, I must frankly avow my opinion that a mixed composition of this class—declamation and accompanying music—possesses no vitality, because it is surrounded by insurmountable drawbacks in the way of execution. In the first place, the harmony of the whole is materially affected by the circumstance that, at stated intervals, the progress of the poem is suspended, in order that the musical composer may have an opportunity of colouring, and imparting greater force of expression to the words of the poet. Pauses thus intervene, which cut up the poem and have a prejudicial effect upon the dramatic interest. Such phrases are probably painful to the audience, who follow the declamation with breathless eagerness, and yearn for the catastrophe. Besides this, every speaking voice becomes powerless, when, as in the present instance, in the description of the tempest, it attempts to dominate over the orchestra playing *fortissimo*; it is like a Jew's harp trying to drown the swelling and majestic tones of the organ at the Crystal Palace; the words are generally lost, while the music, with its merely general forms of expression, is incapable of supplying their absence. Thus the effect of the whole is merely a kind of half-and-half, and, by no means, satisfactory

one. Lindpaintner's music—written in Spohr's style—is sometimes happy and characteristic, but deficient in originality, and certainly not to be compared with the poem it is intended to illustrate. The orchestra, under the direction of Herr Hauptner, performed its task, not at all an easy one, by the way, with excellent judgement and gratifying success.

*Brendel's Musik-Zeitung* has just found a mare's nest of colossal proportions. Herr Gustav Schmidt announced a new opera, entitled *La Réole*. At this the publication in question was exceedingly irate, asserting that a French title was unsuited for a German opera. It went on to say, also, that *La Réole* was simply nonsense; a typographical error for *L'Aurèle*, or *La Créole*. Alas for the infallibility of *Brendel's Musik-Zeitung*! "*La Réole*" is the name of a town on the Garonne, in the department of the Gironde, and, as the story is laid there, the opera has been called by the composer *La Réole*. I would strongly recommend that a gazetteer be forthwith added to the paste, scissors, and other editorial accessories in the editor's room of *Brendel's Musik-Zeitung*.

Concerning the movements of musical artists, I may mention that Herr Poorten, a violinist, has arrived from St. Petersburg, where, according to report, he is highly esteemed as an executant and composer. Herr Th. Kullack has gone to drink the waters at Reichenhall, and Herr Wiprecht has proceeded to Kissengen. Mlle. Artot is paying a visit to her family at Brussels; Mad. Bürde-Ney, stopping with her sister at Linz. Herr Paul Taglioni, of the Royal Opera House, goes as ballet-master, during the next carnival season, to La Scala, Milan. I have already told you that my *chronique musicale* would not be very long this week. The proof is in your hands. *J'ai tout dit.*

VALE.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE Parisians themselves appear to be getting gradually tired of the eternal repetition of the same round of operas, and it may actually be affirmed that the musical public is progressing towards something better, if only because they are returning with pleasure to the productions of the good old school, and by degrees getting over their ravenous hunger for novelty, and nothing but novelty. Whether the fashion or custom of introducing classical instrumental works, at concerts and matinées—whether the Conservatory Concerts, and, still more, the Symphony Performances of Pasdeloup, are evoking a taste for operatic music of sterling worth, is something I will not positively assert, but it seems as if such was the fact. At the Grand Opera, for instance, they have gone back to Halévy's *Juive*, and are rehearsing Auber's *Muette*, which is to be revived with everything new. At the Opéra Comique they have even taken up Pergolesi's *Servants Maitresse*, and Grétry's *Azor et Zémire*. They are, moreover, giving *Le Maçon* and *Hoydée*, besides preparing Boïeldieu's *Jean de Paris*, in which the tenor Warnotz will make his first appearance. A little later *La Dame Blanche* will follow, with Achard as George Brown, as Roger has now retired, and intends living on his income, which he thinks of increasing considerably by the sale of his château and park, with its Halévy, Mozart, and Rossini Alleys, its Meyerbeer, Adam, and Rossini "Places," &c. &c.

In the way of novelty, there will be Hector Berlioz's *Beatrice et Bénédict*, the general rehearsal of which has already taken place in the Théâtre Lyrique, and greatly pleased an audience specially invited. But is it a novelty for Paris?—that is the question. The opera was to be given in Baden-Baden on the 11th inst. Berlioz will have no resource left but to send his *Trojans* as well to Baden-Baden, if he wishes to see it produced. But even this would be attended with difficulties, as M. Benazet is said to patronise "Greeks" more than *Trojans*.

Rossini has taken up his abode in his new villa at Passy, near Paris. The villa is situated close to the railway station, and it is reported that the old *maestro*, whose ears are so frequently stunned by the noise of the locomotives, has just composed a piece in which he introduces, with incomparable humour, the whizzing, fizzing, squeaking, creaking, groaning and moaning of the engines; the ringing of the bells; the hallooing of the conductors, and, in a word, the infernal hubbub which characterises all railway stations. This looks like him, for he is fond of a joke. But he is far more serious than many persons believe. Whenever an artist talks with him about music, he displays great warmth of heart, and great enthusiasm for the masters of his art, especially for the immortal Mozart. The readers of the *MUSICAL WORLD* may, perhaps, remember the dialogues between Rossini and Ferdinand Hiller, published two or three years ago in this paper. In these interesting dialogues, mention is made of the talented singing-master, Piermarini, whom Rossini values very highly. As a mark of his respect the latter sent Piermarini a portrait of Mozart, under which he had written in a bold



hand, the following lines:—"Mon très cher Piermarini! Je vous offre l'image de Mozart. Tirez votre chapeau, ainsi que je le fais au maître d.s. maîtres."

### MUSIC AT WIESBADEN.

(Extract from a Letter.)

THE well-known singers, Herr Beck and Sig. Carrion, had concluded, to my great regret, their engagement before I arrived, but the papers promised me, from the 17th to the 23rd July, three performances at the opera of Mad. Dustmann-Meyer, a *virtuoso* concert in the Cursaal, and two concerts of the Cologne Männer-Gesang-Verein! Was not this a week of music worth a long journey?

Mad. Dustmann appeared successively as Fidelio, Valentine, and Donna Anna. I will not say she sang these parts, she played these parts, or even she represented these parts. I can only say she was Fidelio, Valentine, and Donna Anna—yes, she was; for she imparted to these creations of poet and musician, life and being, truth and actuality; she distilled from them figures, whose plastic and mimetic expression was elevated by the breath of tune—that herald of the soul—to the Ideal. I say purposely to the "Ideal," although I am very well aware that the Ideal is placed under a ban by a certain class of art-critics, who seek in Realism the end of dramatic art, as well as of painting, and even of music, translating the poet word for word. To this they are led by mistaking natural truth for artistic truth, an error opposed to all healthy aesthetics. For such persons, Lessing and Winckelmann, Hegel and Goethe, have written in vain. Song is an art entirely excluding all realism, which it must thoroughly detest, as is amply proved by our experience of the simple fact that it is impossible to represent by notes the most beautiful natural strains—namely, the song of the nightingale—and that the faithful imitation of those strains by the mouth of a human being—for there are virtuosos who attempt it—is a caricature. Emotion, character, and soul, when expressed by song, lie so wholly in the domain of the Ideal, that there does not exist in the Real, in Nature, aught that can, in the most remote degree, serve as a model for them. On this account, however, is the effect of song more powerful than that of declamatory speech, but, with our present natural resources, it is to be attained by art alone. Artistic treatment of the voice, and artistic measure of expression, are the conditions necessary for the idealistic truth of a musically dramatic impersonation. It is precisely in this respect that we assign Mad. Dustmann a very high position, and look upon her, since such great artists as Schröder-Devrient, Bosio, Köster, Grisi, and Viardot have either disappeared, or are about to disappear, from the stage, as the best dramatic vocalist of the day in Germany, combining, as she does, with an artistically-formed manner of employing an extensive and highly sympathetic voice a mimetically plastic talent, which, even in those cases where the actress for a moment overtops the artistic limit which the vocalist never forgets, in no case tramples it under foot.

A great contrast to the representation of dramatic masterpieces, such as *Fidelio* and *Don Juan*, was afforded by the concert in the Cursaal, the fourth of the series of weekly concerts given by the managers of that establishment. At these concerts, the sole object in view is the performances of virtuosos. They possess a certain interest, since they afford amateurs a most convenient opportunity of making the acquaintance of a number of musical celebrities, who select, during the summer, the watering places of the Rhine as the goal of their cosmopolitan wanderings. Thus, at the first three concerts, there appeared Mads. Ubrich, from Hanover, Fabbrini (an Italianized German lady), from Paris, Herren Beck and Marchesi, from Köln, vocalists; the quartet of the Brothers Müller, from Meiningen; the violinists, Leopold Auer, from Pesth, and Leonard, from Brussels; Herr von Bülow, Pianist Royal, from Berlin, &c. Herr Pallat, also, a talented pianist settled here, gave a successful concert.\*

The programme of the fourth concert presented us, in large or middling-sized capitals, as the case might be, the names of the following artists, as soloists:—Dustmann-Meyer, Naudin, Alfred Jaell, Lotto, and Gaetano Braga. Mad. Dustmann sang the letter air from *Don Juan*, and three songs, "Sonnenschein," by Schumann; "Haidenröslein," by Schubert; and "Frühlingslied," by Mendelssohn. On being enthusiastically recalled, she added another song by Schumann, Herr Alfred Jaell accompanying her. The singing of Signor Naudin must, despite the applause of the general public, have left every real musician dissatisfied. This gentleman, born in Italy of French parents, is the incarnation of the bad taste which distinguishes the present Italian school of vocalism. He knows no mode of expression except

the screaming *forte* preceding or immediately following the softest *piano*, giving one phrase *forte* and the next *piano* in almost uninterrupted successions, and, of course, not paying the slightest regard to the words. This habit is the more to be deplored, as Signor Naudin's voice is by no means a disagreeable one in the upper notes. According to report, he was paid 1,000 francs for singing one air and two romances! But what of that? "He has been two years in Paris." Herr Jaell performed his "Home, sweet home;" the chorus of Pilgrims from *Tannhäuser*, and Chopin's "Berceuse." Herr Lotto had the courage to play the first movement of a concerto by Viotti in the Cursaal, but he introduced a *bravura* cadence. This concert took place on the Friday, the day before the first concert of the Cologne Männer-Gesang-Verein; and as the members of the latter gave their receipts in aid of the erection of the towers of the new Roman Catholic church here, the managers of the Cursaal devoted the receipts of the Friday's concert to the same purpose.

Since their artistic trip to England, the members of the Cologne Männer-Gesang-Verein had not responded to the various requests addressed to them to sing beyond the limits of their own town. On being asked, however, to aid the building fund of the Roman Catholic church in this place, by giving two concerts, mindful of their guiding principle of advancing what is good by means of what is beautiful, they accepted the invitation, and their performances on the 19th and 20th July proved that they have still retained that artistic perfection for which they were previously celebrated. The members of the Verein, from seventy to eighty strong, were, after having been first greeted by the festive strains of one of the ducal military bands, welcomed at the railway terminus by the church committee, and conducted to the Victoria Hotel, where a grand banquet had been prepared for them. The concert took place in the evening, at the Cursaal, the enthusiastic applause reminding one of the concerts given by the Verein at the Hanover Square Rooms, London, and in the Salle Herz, Paris. The audience comprised representatives from every civilized nation on the face of the globe; and that such an audience, the greater portion full of national prejudices, and, by its partiality for virtuosos displays, spoilt, as far as taste is concerned, should listen with wrapt attention from beginning to end—that it should greet such compositions as Ferdinand Hiller's quintets for a soprano solo and a chorus of male voices, "Die Fenster auf, die Herzen auf!" "Die Lerchen," and "Wie ist doch die Erde so schön!"—Kreutzer's "Frühlingsnähnen;" C. M. von Weber's "Schlummerlied" (encored); Rietz's "Morgenlied;" Franz Schubert's "Gondelfahrer;" Silcher's national song "Jetzt gang i" (encored), and Mendelssohn's "Wem Gott will eine Gunst erzeigen,"—that it should greet such compositions, I repeat, with continuous applause, the result of the evidently exciting and inspiring impression produced, was a triumph of which the Cologne Männer-Gesang-Verein may indeed be proud, even after all the laurels it has previously gained. It was the magic power of the German "Lied," executed to perfection, which worked this miracle with the audience, who, only a short time before, had allowed the theatre to remain empty during a performance of Beethoven's *Fidelio*. Mlle. Julie Rothenberger, from Cologne, sang the soprano solos in Hiller's quartets with grace and certainty; she has made great progress in the *bravura* style. Besides the above, she sang Beethoven's songs, "Trocknet nicht," and "Freudevoll und leidvoll," with deep feeling. As you perceive, not the slightest concession was made in the programme to a "watering place" audience.

After the morning concert in the church, Sunday, the 20th ult., there was only one opinion—namely, that it was impossible to hear anything more touching and more beautiful than the songs by Palestrina: "Ecce quomodo moritur justus" and "O bone Jesu;" Mozart's "Ave verum;" Schubert's "Salve, Regina;" and, of the German religious songs, "An die Hoffnung," by Schärtlich, executed as they were on that occasion. This unanimous opinion proceeded, moreover, from musicians of all nations. I heard some Italians and French men more especially expressing themselves on the subject in terms of genuine enthusiasm. In the afternoon everyone was present at a rustic festival on the Neroberg. The intendant of the ducal theatre had, with great politeness, intended to give a representation, on Saturday evening, of Ferdinand Hiller's opera, *Die Katamben*, but the indisposition of Mad. Deetz proved an insuperable obstacle to the realisation of the project. The opera will be performed, however, in the course of August.

ANOTHER BACH.—Herr Otto Bach, no relation, however, to the celebrated Johann Sebastian, but a brother of the Austrian Ambassador at Rome, has composed an opera entitled *Sardanapalus*. He has himself written the book, which is founded on Lord Byron's poem of the same name.

\* We are afraid the writer's "celebrities" are not very celebrated.—  
ED. MUSICAL WORLD.

## CHERUBINI.

(Continued from p. 500.)

In the autumn of 1784 he went to London. He began there by writing vocal pieces for so-called *pasticcios*, that is, operas the joint productions of several composers; a finale to one of them, entitled *Demetrio*, was more especially successful. He came forward, the following year, at the King's Theatre, with the comic opera, *La finta Principessa*, and achieved a decided triumph. He was not so lucky, in 1786, with his *Giulio Sabino*. This opera was a total failure, not even being represented a second time; but Burney says it was "murdered" by the singers. Annoyed at this untoward event, Cherubini left London in July, 1786, and proceeded to Paris, little imagining that he would there take up his permanent residence, and find the most favourable field for his professional exertions.

At first, however, he was not particularly successful even in Paris. He wrote a grand cantata, entitled *Amphion* (153 pages of MS. score), for the "Loge Olympique," but it was not performed. He was summoned, for the Carnival of 1787, to Turin, where he produced his *Ifigenia* with brilliant success—a success repeated at the theatres of Milan, Parma, and Florence. This was the last opera he wrote for and in Italy. After the performances of *Ifigenia* in Turin, he returned to Paris to compose his first French opera.

The following are the facts connected with this work. The management of the Grand Opera had charged the composer Vogel, whose music to the *Golden Fleece* had pleased the public, with the task of setting Marmontel's book of *Demophon* to music. Vogel, a jovial companion, who frequently preferred cheerful society to work, kept the management waiting nearly two years for his opera, and died, on June 28, 1788, before it was finished. Even during Vogel's lifetime the libretto had been transferred to Cherubini, and the opera came out on December 2, 1788. It was not particularly successful; on the contrary, the public received it rather coldly, and gave it the bad character of being, on the whole, wearisome. When comparing it with his last Italian opera, *Ifigenia*, connoisseurs were more particularly struck with a want of melody. There was abundance of melody in *Ifigenia*, while *Demophon* could boast of only two or three melodies worth mentioning. When, therefore, the French attempt to date from this opera a total change in Cherubini's style, it is merely an ebullition of national vanity, because the book was the first French one he had ever set to music. We should be more correct if we imitated Fétis (although even he repeats the above assertion a few sentences previous), and sought in the constraints imposed upon the master by the French libretto, and Marmontel's unrhythmical verses, an excuse for the weakness of the work.

The real change in Cherubini's style, or, to speak more correctly, the total break-up of his former notions of the character of dramatic music, and the manifestations of genius sufficiently powerful to endow those ideas with life, were first manifested in the opera of *Lodoiska*. While he had the musical management of an Italian company in the Théâtre de la Foire St. Germain (1789), for which he wrote various admirable interpolations in operas by Paisiello, Cimarosa, and others, besides composing music for another book, *Margaret of Anjou*, which he never finished (eight numbers of it were found amongst his papers), he was employed chiefly upon *Lodoiska*, which was produced in 1791, and had an immense success. After every separate number, the whole audience rose and applauded the composer.\* The music of this production opened a new path for French opera. While Cherubini carried out in the melody the fundamental law of dramatic truth, the agreement of the music with the situations in the drama, and their poetic expression, as laid down by Gluck, he exhibited greater depth of intention, fuller and bolder harmony, and a style of instrumentation which, by its richness, and the characteristic employment of the wind instruments especially, in conformity with the peculiar quality of their sound, introduced the orchestra, in a brilliant manner, not only as the foundation for the vocal portion, but, also, as its necessary supplement, and its equal in bringing about the theatrical effect of the work as a whole. He was thus, as far as regards France, the real creator of modern dramatic music—we mean that kind of music which the French call, in a good sense, *la musique d'effet*. As certainly as this description of composition is that most appropriate to musical drama, as well as that most in accordance with modern, in opposition to ancient, sentiments and feelings, and high as Cherubini must, therefore, be ranked, on this account, it is equally certain that we must not hold him responsible for the direction which effect-music afterwards pursued, especially in our own time, through the instrumentality of Meyerbeer.

\* According to another tradition, this extraordinary mark of respect on the part of the enthusiastic audience took place, some years subsequently, at the first performance of *Les Deux Journées*.

How far Mozart influenced Cherubini and the change introduced by the latter in French music, is a question which is, as a rule, especially in German historical works on music, got rid of with the general apothegm, that "a more intimate acquaintance with the works of Haydn and Mozart" gave rise to the greater breadth and profundity in Cherubini's style. But the proof of this assumption would, probably, be rather a difficult task, in an historical as well as in a musically critical light. The historical grounds are the more decisive. Mozart's *Figaro* was first produced on May 1, 1786, and his *Don Juan* on November 4, 1787, but were totally unknown in France. Mozart, however, as is well known, did not write *Die Zauberflöte* and the *Requiem* till the year 1791, so that, consequently, those masterpieces could not exert any influence upon Cherubini's *Lodoiska*, which he composed in 1790-91, and which was produced in the latter year. *Le Nozze di Figaro* was never once played, even in Vienna, in 1787 and 1788, and was not restored to the stage till August 1789: it was first performed in Berlin on September 14, 1790. In Paris, an unsuccessful attempt was made in 1793—two years after the production of *Lodoiska*—to combine on the stage Beaumarchais' comedy with Mozart's music.\* It was not till 1793, also, that Mozart's *Figaro* found its way into Italy, to turn out unsuccessful in Milan, Florence, &c. And how, forsooth, about *Don Juan*? The first representation of this masterpiece of dramatic music, frightfully mutilated, did not take place in Paris until 1805. The Italian Opera performed it for the first time in its original shape in the year 1811.

According to this, therefore, since Cherubini never left Paris from the spring of 1787 till the production of *Lodoiska*, it is utterly impossible that the works of the divine creator of German dramatic music can have been known to the Italian-French master, and have exerted any influence on his new style, especially when we remember that the germ, at least, of the latter was visible in his *Demophon* (1788).

In the twelve or thirteen years during which Cherubini wrote in Paris for the theatres there, the following operas of his were produced:—*Elisa, ou le Mont St. Bernard*, 1794, excellent music, but a wretched book; *Il Perrucchiero*, 1796, probably an old intermezzo, rearranged for the Italian company in Paris; *Medea*, 1797, one of his most powerful works, recently revived in Germany; *L'Hôtelier Portugaise*, 1798; the operettas *La Punition* and *La Prisonnière* (the latter with Boïeldieu), 1799; *Les Deux Journées*, 1800, and, the same year, with Méhul, *Epicure*; *Anacréon*, 1803, and the ballet, *Achille à Scyros*, 1804, which contained most admirable music, but, on account of its ridiculous subject (Achilles in woman's clothes, according to the well-known legend), soon disappeared from the repertory. These works, especially *Les Deux Journées*, which ran above 200 nights in Paris itself, besides being performed innumerable times at all the theatres of Germany, spread Cherubini's fame throughout the entire civilised world.

*Les Deux Journées* was the favourite opera of C. M. Von Weber. "Fancy my delight," he writes from Munich, on June 30, 1812, to a friend, "when I beheld lying upon the table of the hotel the play-bill with the magic word 'Armand.' I was the first person in the theatre, and planted myself in the middle of the pit, where I waited most anxiously for the tones, which, I knew beforehand, would again elevate and inspire me. I think I may boldly assert, that *Les Deux Journées* is a really dramatic and classical work. Everything is calculated so as to produce the greatest effect; all the various pieces are so much in their proper place, that you can neither omit one, or make any addition to them. The opera displays a pleasing richness of melody, vigorous declamation, and all-striking truth in the treatment of the situations, ever new, ever seen and retained with pleasure. Trumpets have been introduced in the overture, and I think they might produce a good effect in the *allegro*; but, in the introductory *adagio*, the single blasts, on the horn alone, are indisputably better in the last all-powerful *crescendo*, more effective and more appropriate to lead up to the grand climax, especially if the trumpets do not come in before the E major. A part of the duet between Armand and Constance was excellently given, but the commencement completely spoilt. I was most disagreeably surprised by an attempt to improve the composition in the finale. One of the most heavenly passages was, for reasons which to me are perfectly incomprehensible, deprived of all its effect. After the quarrel of the water-carrier with Marcelline, whose opposition makes him angry, and when she bursts out crying, the *fortissimo* ought to be followed by a clarinet *quite alone*, which should play the melody, till first the bassoon and then the violoncello come in, while the brother, consoling and supplicating his sister, begins to sing. This passage invariably produces the greatest effect. Here, not only did the oboe play it, but an accompaniment also had been added! The very difficult choruses in

\* Compare *Mozart*, by Otto Jahn, vol. iv., p. 201.

the second act went admirably. They were sung and played with precision and fire. Indeed, the second act was altogether more rounded and spirited than the first. In the third act, I had again occasion to regret some beautiful passages which had been omitted, especially the two or three words pronounced by the farmer's daughter: 'Ah! Antonio does not return'—by the omission of which the musical passages clash with such a total absence of plan. If I have chattered away, my dear friend, so much about this opera, remember that we can never say enough of such masterpieces, and that so ardent a lover of art as myself may count upon your indulgence."

#### A RETROSPECTIVE PROSPECTUS.

[We have been requested to publish the following.—Ed.]

"ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—After a much longer delay than usual which, however, may readily be accounted for, the prospectus of the forthcoming season of the Royal Italian Opera\* has been issued. Its contents, on the whole, are satisfactory. The promises of novelty are rare; but what is promised is of a nature to excite interest, while the catalogue of engagements embraces one or two fresh names, together with most of those of the old favourites. Omitting the ancient stereotyped preliminary, the directors at once make public the fact of their having entered into arrangements with M. Meyerbeer for the production, on a scale of desirable efficiency, of his latest opera, *L'Etoile du Nord*, which has had such unexampled success at the Opera Comique in Paris and other continental theatres of importance. That the necessary completeness and efficiency may be anticipated at the hands of the Covent Garden management there can be little doubt, the *Huguenots*, the *Prophète*, and other works having tested their capability to give effect to the masterpieces of the French school. Meanwhile it is announced that M. Meyerbeer has set the dialogue to recitative, which was indispensable for the Italian stage; that he has composed three new pieces (those we presume which have already been added at Dresden); and that 'the best founded hopes' exist of his arriving in London to superintend the production of his opera. If M. Meyerbeer really comes, and if the recitatives are composed as much as possible in the *parlante* rather than in the heavily accompanied style (the music as it stands, without recitative, being as elaborate as in any of the *bona fide* 'Grand' operas), the fate of *L'Etoile du Nord* at the Royal Italian Opera can scarcely be problematical. The other novelty to which the directors pledge themselves is Signor Verdi's *Travatore*,—his last opera but one, and, if we may credit the opinion of his admirers, his best. That this opera has made the tour of Italy with equal rapidity and good fortune, besides being performed, within a short period, more than 25 times at the Italian Theatre in Paris, where even *Rigoletto* has not yet been heard, is certain. Moreover, the *libretto* has been pronounced dramatic and interesting,—and this, as M. Meyerbeer has placed beyond dispute, is a matter of no small consequence. A third novelty, 'selected from the classical *répertoire*,' is merely hinted at. Whether it is to be Cherubini's *Medea* (in which, we understand, the new prima donna, Mad. Jenny Ney, is famous) or Mozart's *Così Fan Tutti*, the music of which is thoroughly 'Orphean,' or his almost unknown *Idomeneo*, or another opera by Spohr, or *Oberon*, or one of the *Iphigenias* of the nine-times-threatened Gluck, is not specified.

"The engagements look well on paper, and with wise administration the company should be a most efficient one. True, there is no Grisi, Grisi having bid adieu to her enthusiastic patrons last summer; and this will be the first time for more than twenty years she has been missed from the London season. There is, moreover, no Cruvelli, her *congé* having been disposed of to the French Opera for the period of the *Exposition*, which, it is hoped, will rival, if not surpass, our own of four years since. But, among the *soprani*, we find Mlle. Angelina Bosto, whose reputation has grown with her remarkable improvement as a singer; Mad. Pauline Viardot Garcia, who can play anything, sing anything, and be as serviceable a *contralto* as *soprano* (her recent impersonation at Paris of the Gitano, in *Il Travatore*, for example); Mad. Jenny Ney, who at Vienna, Dresden, and other German cities, eminent for their musical standing, has obtained high distinction as the representative of the 'tragedy-queens' of opera; and Mlle. Marai, who alone, since the secession of Mlle. Corbari, has been able to satisfy subscribers as a *comprimaria* of the first class. There are also Mlle. Albini, Mlle. Nantier Didée (*contralto*), and Mad. Bellini (*seconda donna*). At the head of the tenors stands Sig. Mario, who is engaged 'for a limited number of representations'; Sig. Tamberlik, who has been thrice able to brave with impunity the rigour of a winter season at St. Petersburg; Sig. Gardoni, one of Mr. Lumley's 'Old Guard,' who has never before

appeared at the Royal Italian Opera; Sig. Luchesi, and Sig. Albicini, a new acquisition, of whose antecedents nothing is known here; besides Sig. Mei and the vigorous Sig. Soldi, whose voice no *fortissimo* of the orchestra can quell. For barytones, we have the admirable Ronconi and Sig. Graziani, from the Théâtre Italien, of whom the Parisian critics speak in eulogistic terms. The great Lablache once more appears at the head of the *bassi profondi*; and all admirers of the operas of Meyerbeer, and of Mozart's inimitable *Zauberflöte* (which may now take its place again in the *répertoire*), will be gratified to hear that Herr Formes, after the interval of a season, has returned to his position. The other basses are Sigs. Polonini, Zelger, Gregorio, and the Protean Tagliafico. In addition, 'two other engagements' are being arranged—with whom it is not stated. If one of these should be Mlle. Joanna Wagner, it would be a *coup de théâtre* worth the risk; and if the other were Giulia Grisi, to share in some of Mario's 'limited number of representations,' few, we imagine, would complain, more especially since it is rumoured that, after the present season, both these great dramatic singers intend retiring altogether into private life, to reside at their estate in the vicinity of Florence.

"The band and chorus will be the same as usual, and Mr. Costa remains at his post—an announcement which, as there existed some doubts of it, cannot fail to give unanimous satisfaction. The *ballet* is to be raised to importance this season, if we may judge from the engagement of Mlle. Fanny Cerito, whose achievements on the boards of her Majesty's Theatre will not have been forgotten. The other principal dancers and *coryphées* are chiefly from the list of the foregoing year, with the addition of Mr. W. H. Payne, the excellent pantomimist. M. A. Harris continues stage-manager, the duties of which post he has always performed with zeal; and Mr. W. Beverley is again the 'scenic artist,' or scene painter. There is no change in any of the subordinate officers. The theatre is advertised to open on Tuesday, the 10th inst.—with what opera remains to be seen.

"BAREAGROIA."

#### PURITANS AND PLAYERS.

(From the *Quarterly Review*, for August, 1885.)

THE Bicentenary Celebration of 1862 by which (as we showed at the time) the Dissenters of all classes, in imitation of the Pope of Rome, sought to consolidate their forces, was productive of the most brilliant results, and did great honour to the prescience of the far-sighted Miall, Vaughan, and Bright. In a few years their triumph was complete, and the Church of England was reformed, church organs were destroyed, the beadle was dressed in decent black, and prayer-books ceased to be adorned with velvet and gold. Perhaps, had the new Puritan Fathers stopped here, there would not have been much to complain of, but the intolerant spirit broke out into violence, and, as in old days, ruthless war was waged against all who differed from the fierce bigots in power. As heretofore, the poor player was the victim of the persecuting Puritan. In spite of the intercession of the benevolent but feeble Lord Ebury, his now tyrannical allies proclaimed war against the theatres. Shakespeare, Sheridan Knowles, and Talfourd were for a time allowed to be performed, but all lighter representations were suppressed. Miall, himself, hymn-book in hand, rushed upon the stage of the Lyceum at the thousand and second representation of *Peep o' Day*, and with a savage joke, made, as he said, "shipwreck of Falconer." Dr. Vaughan, attended by a violent mob of fanatical young students from Homerton, broke into the Princess's Theatre during a performance, and though for a moment delayed by the belief that Mr. Kean was preaching, they no sooner discovered that the *Corsican Brothers* was being played, than they rushed upon the stage, scattered the affrighted actresses, and even the tears of Carlotta Leclercq only so far softened the rugged schismatics as to permit her and her sister-performers to depart unharmed, on condition of their immediately joining the Abimelech Congregational Union. At the Haymarket, *Bubbles of the Day* was attempted, but Bright suddenly entered, and with the voice of Cromwell (as whom he now dressed) he cried, "Take away those Bubbles." The gallant Lord Dundreary, as became a Cavalier of long descent, drew a pistol, and but that his habitual unacquaintance with technicalities made him fire it into the ceiling instead of at the tyrant, the triumph of the latter might have been brief, had not the Earl also forgotten to put in any bullet. The hardships sustained by some of the actors were very sad. The Adelphi Theatre was seized by Spurgeon, who contemptuously offered Mr. Paul Bedford (with a flippant jest at his Christian name, after the manner of Elephant Chapel) the place of clerk, but the brave actor punched his head, likened him to Punshon, and escaped. Less fortunate was Mr. Toole, who was consigned to the Tabernacle Museum, and compelled to explain Otaheitan idols and other heathen curiosities, to the penny visitors, for nearly eight years, when he sprang out of

\* Qy. The ninth?—Ed.



window into a hay-cart, and was carried into South Wales. Mr. Robson was brought before the Court of Star Chamber (an odious memory revived in honour of Mr. Bright's paper), and commanded to assume a real *Porter's Knot*, and carry tracts from Clapham to Islington. The fine elocutionary powers of Mrs. Stirling were made a pretext for setting her to teach reading to a wretched school class, where Miss Louisa Pyne was also sent to instruct the jeering urchins in Dr. Watts's *Songs*. Mr. Buckstone vowed a revenge, and, affecting to be convinced of the error of his ways by the arguments of Dr. Vaughan, succeeded in so far blinding his persecutors, that they actually allowed him to address a crowded attendance of the Band of Hope and Juvenile Abstinents, when he suddenly sang the "Country Fair," threw his audience into convulsions, and sent home a thousand youthful missionaries to clamour in their households for reasonable recreation. For this offence Buckstone was set in the pillory, but the people pelted him with roses, and cast *bonbons* into his mouth with affectionate precision of aim. Mr. Boucicault, having joined the Baptists, was permitted for some time to give the "Water Cave Scene," under a pretext that he was teaching the doctrine of his new sect; but his underhand device did not prosper, and the theatre was taken by the Board as a place for practising the lungs and oratory of youthful preachers. The Dramatic Authors would no doubt have equally suffered, only there were none, a machine having been invented and exhibited at the International Show of 1872 for taking the plot and dialogue out of a novel, without the aid of a pen, and the general diffusion of the French language, consequent upon the French Treaty, having enabled managers to adopt the plan of Mr. Vincent Crummies, and give out the originals of the English dramas to the performers. The hatred of the Dissenting Union to the drama was, however, manifested in every possible way, and woe to the unfortunate little child who, having heard from an elder companion of the glories of Fairy Spectacle or the fun of Christmas Pantomime, ventured to express in the presence of a Puritan an innocent wish to behold such things — assuredly the Solomonian counsel was not forgotten. Such were among the results of trusting to the moderation of Sectarianism.

## Letters to the Editor.

### STAGE-CHORUS-SINGING.

Sir,—Would you oblige me by informing me the means of applying for a chorus singer's place in the English Opera; what the requirements are; and what the salary is, and if much cultivation of voice is required? I have a very high clear soprano voice, and very powerful, but not cultivated much at present. I can read difficult music at first sight. If you would answer these questions, you would confer a very great favour on yours respectfully,

J. G.

[We may perhaps best serve J. G.'s ends by publishing her letter.—Ed.]

### ORGAN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Sir,—Could you, through the medium of your columns, give me an account of the *large organ* in the *Crystal Palace*? I enclose my card, and am yours, &c.,

August 6, 1862.

G. B.

[Will one of our organ contributors — say H. S. — take this matter in hand?—Ed.]

### LUCY, AND NOT LUCINDA.

Sir,—Allow me to protest against one-fourth of your intelligent remarks on Macfarren's setting of Wordsworth's poem of "The Lost Love," which appeared in your recent notice of a "Monday Popular Concert" which took place on Tuesday. You describe it as "a new and pretty ballad called 'Lucy.'" Now, I ask you, as a man of the "World," is it right to destroy classification in the social system, or is it any better to confound definitions in musical terminology? That the song in question is "called Lucy" I do not question; that it is "new" I freely admit; that it may be "pretty" I am willing to allow; but that it is a "ballad" I utterly deny. I have not Hamilton's Dictionary of twenty thousand musical terms, but without reference to this interminable authority, I am ready to aver that the present acceptance of the term "ballad" is a simple melody which is repeated without alteration, to several verses of a poem. You agree with me in this, of course. Well then, "Lucy" is no more a "ballad" than Beethoven's *Battle Symphony* is a broomstick, inasmuch as it is a continuous composition, and not a repeated melody. Possibly you may think this a too nice distinction; if so, let it be a distinction

without a difference, rather than admit any difference between you and me; but, as Mackay has taught us that a spade is a spade, I cannot see why you should promulgate that a *cavatina* is a ballad, any more than that an overture is a poker, an epic poem an epigram, or a prime minister a washerwoman. Having purchased my ticket for the concert as well as my copy of the song, I may subscribe myself, dear editor, yours precisely,

A PAYER—THOUGH PERHAPS AN ODD ONE.

### HAYDN'S QUARTETS AND SYMPHONIES.

Sir,—Could you indicate any work that fixes the respective dates of Haydn's quartets and symphonies?

Yours obediently,

AN ADMIRER OF MOZART.

[Consult Carpani's *Memoirs*, for which Haydn himself gave the materials, and which includes, we believe, a catalogue of about 800 compositions.—Ed.]

DEATH OF ISABELLA HINKLEY SUSINI.—Our readers, says the *Daily Advertiser* (June 7), will be pained to hear of the death of the popular American *prima donna*, Isabella Hinkley, the wife of the *basso* Susini. She had lately given birth to an infant, and her confinement was followed by a fever, which, on Saturday morning at six o'clock, resulted fatally. Her remains were removed to Albany. Mad. Susini was born at Albany, and evincing an early talent for music, was, after some instruction at home, sent to Italy to study. She first sang at Florence in the Philharmonic Concerts, and subsequently in opera. After singing in several Italian cities, she filled a highly successful engagement at Amsterdam, where she was engaged by Mr. Ullman for the New York opera. She has played in several characters, the most successful being her arch personation of the Page in the *Ballo in Maschera*, and no other vocalist has yet attempted the rôle in this country. In the future representation of *Il Ballo*, our opera-goers will recall with regret the charming vocalisation and animated action of Isabella Hinkley. A little over a year since Miss Hinkley was married to Susini, whose grief at his sad loss is intense.—*Dwight's Journal*.

COPENHAGEN.—A great sensation is being produced here by a singer of the name of Nyerup, formerly a fisherman himself, in the character of Masaniello. A musician, having accidentally discovered that the young man possessed a wonderful voice, prevailed on him to study singing. Nyerup studied for two years. He has now appeared, and is described as a perfect phenomenon. He has sung Masaniello in *La Muette* fifteen times successively. Perhaps he is another Wachtel—"Masaniello" *vice* "Postillon de Lonjumeau."

### THE BROKEN HEART.

(For Music.)

He never came, he never came,  
She ever, ever breath'd his name,  
Her life's dream was the eve they parted;  
And as appear'd the daisies pied,  
With fragrant zephyrs at spring's tide,  
Still dreaming she would be his bride,  
Still remembering him she died—  
Broken-hearted—broken-hearted!

Clematis and primroses gay  
Were budding when he went away,  
The cowslips smil'd the eve they parted;  
Long weary years have flown since he,  
To seek a fortune cross'd the sea;  
To hide her grief she ever tried,  
And with a smiling face she died—  
Broken-hearted—broken-hearted!

The message came across the sea,  
Return to her no more would he,  
The ocean's depth two fond hearts parted;  
The roses went and came again,  
Of jasmine pale she wove a chain,  
Still dreaming she would be his bride!  
Still remembering him she died—  
Broken-hearted—broken-hearted!

E. WILLIS FLETCHER.

## NOTICES.

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## The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1862.

HARDLY will the doors have closed upon Mr. Gye's campaign, and the foreign contingent have taken its departure laden with English guineas, than the exclusive reign of native talent will begin, and country and continental visitors be afforded an opportunity of hearing the voice of Miss Louisa Pyne warbling to English verse (more or less poetical), and beholding the skill with which Mr. Alfred Mellon "wields the baton" at the head of his well-trained orchestra—the English Opera this season commencing some two months earlier than usual. While, however, the capital is thus well provided, let us see what is to be done in the provinces, this being about the time when the business of "music meetings" is finally and definitely arranged. Usually it falls to our lot to write the history of at least a couple of "Festivals," Worcester being followed by Norwich, Hereford by Birmingham (and Leeds?), and Gloucester by Bradford. This year should be the turn of Gloucester and Bradford, and the reporter's duty to compare the difference of musical effect in the nave of one of our finest cathedrals and the area of one of our handsomest modern "Town Halls." But unfortunately (*les deux se disent*), there will be but one triennial gathering, and that not in the seat of the great wool-ocracy, but in the grey old city which stands in the valley of the Severn, as redolent of peaceful beauty and fresh air as the north-country town is teeming with life and shrewd activity, under a canopy of vapour to which the mist of London is but gossamer or spider's web.

The "fayre citye" will celebrate her hundred and thirtieth festival in solitary pride. Notwithstanding the more or less heavy deficits, time after time, the meetings of the Choirs still hold their place, and, by the aid of contributions at the doors, hand over annually more or less handsome amounts to the charity which makes glad the hearts of clerical widows and orphans. Upwards of fifty right-minded gentlemen have proffered their names as stewards—or, in other words, guarantors, against any disparity that may result between expenses and receipts; and as the majority are possessed of local influence, there is good warrant for auguring a successful issue. The artistic side of the question looks equally promising, the engagements having been made in a liberal spirit, and the best available talent secured. As sopranos we find Mlle. Titiens, Miss

Parepa, and Miss Eleonora Wilkinson; and as contraltos, Mad. Sinton-Dolby, supported by Mad. Laura Baxter, whose rich voice will, doubtless, make its due impression on the Gloucesterians. A Festival without Mr. Sims Reeves would be *Hamlet* without "Hamlet." It seems, therefore, almost superfluous to mention the name of our English tenor, to whose "first fiddle" the eager Mr. Montem Smith plays "second." Mr. Weiss once again takes his position at the head of the basses, as of yore, Messrs Winn (bass) and Sig. Bossi (*voce di accommodamento*) completing the list of "principals."

Of the programme we can give but a brief outline. A full cathedral service on Tuesday morning, with a sermon by the Lord Bishop, precedes the *Creation*; Wednesday, *Elijah*; Thursday, Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, and a selection from *Judas Maccabæus*; and Friday (of course), the *Messiah*. As usual, there are to be three evening concerts at the Shire Hall. On Tuesday two novelties are announced—Meyerbeer's "Grand Exhibition Overture," and Verdi's "Grand Exhibition *Cantata*;" on Wednesday, the post of honour is occupied by Dr. Sterndale Bennett's "Grand Exhibition Ode;" and, on Thursday, Mr. Benedict's *Undine* will engross nearly the whole of the first part. The overtures are *Egmont*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *Der Freischütz*, and *Guillaume Tell*. Selections from Handel (*Acis and Galatea*) and Mozart, together with the accustomed show-pieces of the most favoured artists, make up the rest. We have only two objections to offer—first, the excessive length of the programmes; and, secondly, the absence of a symphony—the former, perhaps, being a valid excuse for the latter, although we could have dispensed with a heap of trivialities for the sake of hearing one great work performed by the band at Mr. Amott's disposal. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to know that, owing to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. H. Brown (hon. secretary), the prospects of the meeting are as flourishing as on any occasion that can be remembered.

C.

THE Paris Cirque and the Paris Théâtre Lyrique have come to life again. On the 29th of July, the two new theatres erected in the old Place des Châtelets were formally inaugurated, in the presence of Prince Napoleon, the Prefect of the Seine, and a host of invited guests. The doors of the Cirque Impérial were opened first, and the crowd flocked into the magnificent building, the brilliancy of which dazzled every eye. Any comparison of the new house with the old theatres on the Boulevard, would be like one between the venerable Rue St. Jacques and the present Rue de Rivoli. What surprised the public more than all was the mode of lighting, based upon an entirely new system. A large cupola throws down a flood of light, nearly equal to that of day; neither chandelier, candelabras, nor girandoles are to be seen. At the first moment, it strikes the spectator that the effect is *too* dazzling, but that is because he has been accustomed to smoky lamps, that merely rendered "darkness visible." When the performances have commenced, an opinion on the modifications in this new system of illumination, and of its capability of being diminished or increased according to the requirements of the stage, will be more easily formed. From the Cirque the visitors proceeded to the new Théâtre Lyrique, in the same Place. Here, too, there is no chandelier, the light, as in the former instance, falling from the ceiling, but not, it was remarked, with such glaring intensity. The audience part of the house is beautiful, and well fitted-up; the saloon is spacious; while the corridors



and stairs are broad and commodious. The whole place was decorated for the occasion with fragrant flowers. Over the proscenium are the names of Auber, Halévy, Meyerbeer and Adam, and round the amphitheatre encircling the house, those of Hérold, Méhul, Gluck, Mozart, Weber, Boïeldieu and Rossini. In order to test the acoustic qualities of the new buildings, the band of the Garde de Paris performed in the Cirque Impérial the overtures to *Guillaume Tell* and *Masaniello*. At the Théâtre Lyrique, M. Pasdeloup and his band got up a concert, at which they played the overture to *Oberon*; a chorus from Halévy's *Jaguarita*; a march and chorus from *Preciosa*, and the wedding-march from *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. The instrumental music sounded well, as did, also, the singing of M. Carron, a tenor, fresh from the Conservatory, where he had carried off the first prize.

Whether the position of the theatre, its architectural and scenic arrangements, its large size and rich decorations, will eventually attract the public, is a question which time alone can decide. In such a building the public may possibly feel "small," Parisian managers having never thought of prescribing a special costume for theatre-goers. Hitherto, the play-houses have been erected for the public; in future the public may have to suit itself to the play-houses. Meanwhile Paris is the Eldorado of "provincials," and as the theatres essentially belong to the "lions" of this Paradise, the *élite* of the population of all France will fill the theatres, if only to show that they are the *élite*.

It is difficult, indeed, to imagine anything more beautiful than the interior of the new Théâtre Lyrique. The light is thrown, by means of an enormous reflector, through the colossal glass dome into the audience part of the house and upon the stage, while the process of combustion, which goes on without, serves as a means of ventilation, bringing fresh air through a canal from the Quai de la Seine. The vestibule is twenty-five metres long and six wide. Most of the staircases lead out of it; others, however, conduct from two side halls to the best places. The saloon, on the first floor, forms a promenade twenty-five metres in length and six in breadth, with five large windows and a balcony looking upon the square. At each end there is a conversation-room, with sofas and conveniences of every kind. Above, on the second story, is a gallery for smokers! Cigars legalised in a Paris theatre! The house holds 1,500 persons. The decorations consist of sculpture, and mouldings in white and gold. The boxes on the first and second tiers are fitted up as saloon boxes.

WHEN, ten years ago, we\* asserted, on various occasions, that Wagner's style, far from being a step in advance, was, on the contrary, a relapse to the style of Lully, and the latter's psalm-like manner—of which fact the inspection of Lully's scores in the library of the Conservatory, Paris, had afforded us the obvious proof—our opinion, like very much else that is new at the present day, was but little heeded. Now, however, in W. H. Riehl's *Cultur-Studien*, we read the following elaboration of the same idea:—

"To adopt the language of philologists, Lully is not a 'school-author.' We can learn but little from him, unless we teach ourselves from his dry harmonies how we ought not to harmonise. On the other hand, however, no one who has not studied Lully can fully appreciate the historical greatness of Gluck. Lully is the Richard Wagner of the eighteenth century. His *Alceste* is, as he himself designates it, a 'tragédie mise en

*musique*,' but not an opera; it is not connected by airs, duets, concerted pieces, &c., but by continuous scenes. Lully does not sing, he simply declaims. The whole is a constant *obligato* recitative, varied by occasional melodic fragments and a few choruses. I say all this of Lully; it might be supposed, however, that I said it of Wagner. It applies to both. Only the marches introduced here and there are real music, and become popular in Lully's works—and in Wagner's. In many places, Lully is amazingly great and true in dramatic expression, just like Wagner; he then relapses into the fearful monotony of endless recited dialogue, exactly like Wagner. The choruses are simple, and bear the stamp of solemn dignity, some tunes reminding us, even in certain passages of the harmony, of the lofty church-hymns of the old Italians. The same, by no means small praise, cannot be denied to many of Wagner's choruses. Lully sacrifices musical architecture to dramatic expression; he has touches of melodies but no melody. Lully or Wagner?—We find, consequently, in Lully, a disjointed, fragmentary, restless whole, which would necessarily have produced a confused, wearying impression, if the most refined contrasts in the scenes, and the magnificent manner in which his operas were placed on the stage—all the resources of Elysium and Erebus being (literally) called into requisition for *Alceste* at least (and for *Tannhäuser*)—had not come to the assistance of the hearer's fancy. Lully and Wagner are weak as musicians; stronger as tone-poets; but strongest of all as stage-managers.

"It was precisely this formlessness of Lully's operas which was annihilated by Gluck, while, at the same time, the endeavour to attain dramatic effect was adopted and further developed. In the form of his compositions, Gluck resembles the good old Italian musicians much more than Lully, and Wagner reminds us much more vividly of Lully than of Gluck. If our musicians would but devote a little more zeal to their historical studies, they might then perceive that, after all, it cannot be so great a step in advance to jump back, after the lapse of nearly a century, from Gluck's style, so wonderfully developed in the interval, to a form of opera corresponding to that of Lully. Out of very real zeal for progress a man may become reactionary."

What will our American cousins say to the foregoing?  
(*O questa è bella, che ti paresse ancho haver ragione!*)  
P.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—Mr. Leonard Walker, the young and talented barytone singer, gave his first concert on Monday evening at the above rooms, and was assisted in the vocal department by Mlle. Florence Lancia, Mad. Gordon, Mlle. Georgi, Mlle. Montebella, Miss Alice Dodd, Miss Lamartine, the Misses Hiles, Messrs. George Perren, Fabian, and Sig. Ciabatta; and in the instrumental by Mr. Aguilar, Herr Emile Berger and Master Fox, pianoforte, Herr Oberthur, harp, and Mr. B. Wells, flute. Mr. Walker contented himself with a single solo, but that was the famous "Largo al factotum," which he sang with such vocal fluency, and so much power and humour, as to gain for him an uproarious encore. Mr. Walker's other performances comprised Randecker's trio "I naviganti," with Mlle. Montebella and Mr. George Perren; Fioravanti's "Singing lesson" with Miss Hiles; and the duo "Mira di accerba lagrime," from the *Trovatore*. The last, above all, was admirably sung, and unanimously encored. Among the many good things in a good concert, we would specify Miss Hiles's "Ernani inviolami," Mlle. Georgi's "Pensa alla patria," Mlle. Lancia's "Care Campagne," the duet, "Oh! glorious age of chivalry," from Mr. Howard Glover's operetta *Once too Often*, by the Miss Hiles; together with Herr Oberthur's harp solo, transcription of "Thou art too near, and yet so far," played by the composer; flute solo by Mr. Wells, encored; and pianoforte solo, "Les Echos des Londres," played by Herr Emile Berger, and also encored. The room was crowded.

RYDE (Isle of Wight).—Mrs. Merest (late Miss Maria B. Hawes) having announced a series of four "vocal recitals" in the Victoria Rooms, the first took place on Tuesday evening last, and was very fashionably attended. Mrs. Merest sang with musicianly skill, among other favourite pieces, the contralto airs from *Elijah* (it was announced in the programme that "the contralto part of this oratorio was composed expressly for her")—"If with all your hearts," and "O rest in the Lord." Miss Millar was the only other vocalist, and assisted Mrs. Merest in several duets, and sang, as well, several solos. Mr. Hiles opened the concert with a pianoforte arrangement of *motivos* from Handel's *Messiah*. Mr. Emile Berger was the solo pianist. His transcriptions of "A sympathising heart," from Howard Glover's opera of *Ruy Blas*, and Balfé's ballad, "Fresh as a rose" (rendered so popular by the singing of Sims Reeves), were received with great favour, and his fantasia, "Les Echos de Londres," was enthusiastically redemanded. Mrs. Merest deserves the thanks of the "Islanders" for giving them so entertaining a concert.

\* And, by the way, our German contemporary, the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

## The Operas.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

MASANIELLO was repeated on Saturday night, and received with even greater favour than on the Thursday previous. That Auber's great work—one of the most genuine examples of the lyric drama of our times—will resume the high place it formerly occupied in the repertory of Covent Garden, and rival the *Huguenots*, the *Prophète*, *Robert le Diable*, and *Guillaume Tell* in its attractive dominion over the masses, there can hardly, we think, be a doubt. What it was at the old theatre, in 1849, when Mr. Delafield first produced it, with a splendour and completeness never before witnessed and never since forgotten, it has every chance of being again, under the direction of Mr. Gye. The mechanical resources of the new edifice are even more extensive, while Mr. Costa's orchestra and chorus maintain their never yet disputed supremacy; the scenic department, represented by Mr. W. Beverley, with the valuable cooperation of Messrs. Grieve, Telbin, and others, is reviving the glories of the "Stanfield" epoch, and the "stage-business," superintended by Mr. A. Harris, exhibiting a discipline and general efficiency almost unprecedented. Our readers are well aware that as a mere spectacle, no less than as a consummate exhibition of musical art, the opera of *Masaniello* yields in moving and varied interest to no contemporary production. The music alone, however, illustrating, as it does, with glowing enthusiasm and picturesque details, one of the most stirring incidents in the annals of an intellectual, gifted and magnanimous nation, for centuries split into fragments, and continually the prey of one or other encroaching power, hated in proportion to the length of its tenure and the severity of its despotism, would suffice to immortalise the work. How such graphic description, such forcible and animated colouring, such truthful and characteristic portraiture, in short, through the abstract medium of sound, could have occurred to the brain and accommodated itself easily to the pen of a musician who never visited the scenes he describes, has always been, and must always remain, a puzzle to those who do not believe that genius, being of no country, can travel at caprice, through the boundless realms of the imagination without the intervention of a passport. Shakspeare never saw Verona and Mantua, Scott was never at Liege; yet one wrote *Romeo and Juliet*, the other *Quentin Durward*; and so Auber, who, since his brief sojourn in England, before he adopted music as a profession, has never once quitted France, gave *Masaniello* to the world, a composition, as thoroughly Neapolitan as *La Bottega del Caffè* of Goldoni is Venetian. But in *Masaniello*, as in the grand French operas of Rossini and Meyerbeer, the accessories to the musical effect are multifarious. A revolutionary episode thrilling with sensation-points; a dramatic *locale* admitting of—nay, demanding—the most vivid exertions of the painter's skill; and a *mise-en-scène* open to the utmost variety of pictorial arrangement that ingenuity can devise, are all not only appropriate but indispensable. To these circumstances, perhaps, almost as much as to its gorgeous musical dress, is the enduring popularity of *Masaniello* to be traced.

Our readers need labour under no apprehension that we are about to entertain them with a careful analysis of the plot and music of so renowned an opera. Happily during upwards of thirty years the hero of *Masaniello* has been a familiar figure, while the tunes of *Masaniello* have been familiar strains, to the theatre-going public of this country—where at first, in a mutilated shape (for which the late Messrs. Barham Livius and T. Cooke were responsible), it was tolerated, and now, in its integrity (or as nearly so as the convenience of Mr. Costa will permit), it is admired, and acknowledged as an imperishable masterpiece. Nor need the task of commenting on the performance at Covent Garden absorb more than a few sentences. Strikingly well as one or two of the chief characters are impersonated, it is chiefly as an *ensemble*, in which everyone concerned claims consideration, that the *Masaniello* of the hour can be unreservedly eulogized. The overture alone—so magnificently played that to call for a repetition seems to be a unanimous impulse on the part of the audience—is enough to keep up the spirits of a true amateur for an entire evening. Then the concerted pieces, and the grand finales (one at the conclusion of each of the five acts—the last most elaborate of all) are executed for the greater part so superbly, by orchestra, chorus and principals, as to offer very rare points for criticism, very many for unqualified approval. All this wealth of musical effect, moreover, is set off to admiration by what passes on the stage. Each of the five conspicuous scenes into which the opera is divided forms a *tableau* of the liveliest description. Scene-painters and stage director, ballet-master and *costumier*, have, with equal felicity, availed themselves of the variegated tints and images of

Neapolitan existence, where bright and gleaming colours look a thousand times brighter under the influence of a cloudless sky, and where the humblest and most every-day objects assume an aspect bordering more or less nearly on the picturesque. In the first scene—"the Gardens of the Viceroy"—the festival for the approaching nuptials of Alphonso and Elvira is represented with becoming pomp. The ballet, including the *Guaracha* and *Bolero*, two of the most delicious of Auber's *pièces de danse*, is here all that could be wished, the latter—with the characteristic incident of the shawls, in the use of which Mlle. Esper, principal, displays both grace and facility—being especially attractive. Scene 2—"in the Environs of Portici" (or, perhaps, rather of Amalfi)—is one of the happiest efforts of Mr. Beverley's pencil. We have seen nothing more natural, nothing more beautiful. Here, again, the stage action is in keeping. The groupings of the fishermen, engaged in their busy avocations, are contrived with an eye to pictorial symmetry that appears to have allowed nothing to escape; while the banding together of the revolutionists, at the instigation of Masaniello, their under-toned conferences, their dance and chorus of feigned merriment, as the plan of action is being agreed upon by the chiefs of the patriots, and the climax, in which these opposite elements of dramatic action are simultaneously combined, could hardly be surpassed in graphic vividness of effect. The conclusion of this *tableau*—where Masaniello takes leave of Fenella, and the various characters slowly disperse, to the accompaniment of soft music that seems to die away into the distance, like the receding landscape in a journey—must be witnessed to be appreciated. Scene 3—"the Market Place"—is another felicitous manifestation of the painter's skill, excelling even the well-remembered *tableau* of 1849. Here we have the animated business of the market (somewhat tamed down, however, by a silly and meaningless curtailment in the opening chorus); the irresistible spirit of the *Tarantella*, which we never remember so thoroughly conveyed; the attempted seizure of Fenella; the quarrel between the soldiers and the people; the angry outburst of the revolt; the impressive prayer, and ultimate victory of Masaniello and his associates—the whole done to perfection, and presenting a stage-picture for which, in vigorously sustained movement, scarcely a precedent could be cited. In the fourth *tableau*, the crowning scenic incident is the recognition and triumph of Masaniello, to which the episode of Pietro and his fellow conspirators presents a gloomy but exciting contrast; in the last the eruption of Vesuvius—the scene admirably painted by (we believe) Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, and the catastrophe arranged with marvellous effect—offering a scenic illusion worthy to climax so magnificent a spectacle.

Signor Mario was the original Masaniello in 1849, when the work was brought out in its Italian dress. He was followed (in the same year) by Signor Salvi, who did not create a remarkably strong impression. In 1850 Signor Tamberlik undertook the part—on the occasion of his first appearance before an English audience—and maintained it, with unvarying success, up to the time when the destruction of the old theatre involved the music, scenery, and "properties" of *Masaniello*, and [so many other grand operas, in one common fate. Why Signor Tamberlik should now secede and Signor Mario take his place, is no business of ours. Enough that both have qualifications not to be denied, and on account of which either would have been unanimously welcomed as the Masaniello of the revival. That Signor Mario's voice is what it was thirteen years ago it would be folly to pretend; and that even in singing the music of Auber as at present he is compelled to take liberties to which the composer might naturally object, and which would have been inexcusable, because unnecessary, in 1849, must be evident to anyone competent to judge and inclined to be candid. Nevertheless, allowing for this and other comparative defects, which we need not stop to examine, it is doubtful whether a more admirable impersonation of the character of the patriot of Portici than that of Signor Mario has ever on the whole been witnessed. As an histrionic portraiture it is natural, vigorous, and picturesque—interesting everywhere, and in some parts, as, for instance, the scene of the madness, for which Auber has found music touching and expressive in proportion—inimitable. The fresh and genial barcarole in Masaniello's first scene, the heavenly air in which he invokes the aid of "Sleep" on behalf of Fenella, and the solo where, in the midst of his triumph, the suddenly aggrandized fisherman expresses the deep regret he feels at quitting for ever the abode of his youth and innocence, are—with the exception of the situation we have named—the most striking points in Signor Mario's performance. These, indeed, reach the height of ideal expression. Many other fine touches might be noticed, but enough has been adduced to show that, whatever physical shortcomings may occasionally interfere with otherwise perfect execution, the accomplished artist more than atones for in those places where he can fully command his resources and give way without restraint to the impulse from within. Signor

Graziani sings the capital barcarole allotted to Pietro in the last act, — which seems out of sorts with the treacherous act he has just committed, in administering poison to his heroic chief — extremely well; but in the revolutionary duet with Masaniello (unaccountably and absurdly curtailed), and in other parts of the music, he sadly wants vigour, while his dramatic delineation of the character is throughout pale, if not, indeed, lifeless. Mlle. Battu does her utmost with the not very interesting part of Elvira, and would sing the *cavatina* (Act I.) even better were she to adhere more closely to the text of Auber, which it is difficult to alter and embellish to advantage. Her best point is in the petition to Fenella (Act IV.), to which she imparts unmistakable feeling. Signor Neri-Baraldi is probably as good an Alphonso as could be persuaded to undertake the character. A cheerful or energetic Alphonso would be an innovation as pleasant as unanticipated. Signor Polonini is the most effective Borella we remember; and the other small parts are adequately filled. Last not least, the Fenella of Mlle. Salvioni shows in that clever lady an aptitude for something beyond the mere agile exhibition of choreographic art. It is thoughtful and expressive to a degree, and in more than one point evinces real dramatic sensibility. The scene in which she intercedes with Masaniello for the lives of Alphonso and Elvira is as truthful and touching as it is graceful, the countenance conveying as much as — nay, more than the pantomimic gestures, eloquent as they undoubtedly are. About the band and chorus, conducted by Mr. Costa, we have said enough.

On Monday *Guillaume Tell* (terribly maimed and mutilated), for the last appearance of Sig. Tamberlik; on Tuesday *Masaniello*, with Mlle. Dottini (vice Mlle. Battu) as Elvira; on Wednesday *La Sonnambula*; on Thursday *Masaniello*; and last night (for the benefit of Mlle. Patti), the *Barbiere* (ending with the "Lesson" scene), the "Shadow" scene from *Dinorah*, and the "Skating" scene from the *Prophète*. To-night *Masaniello*, the last night of the season, our review of which will be found underneath.

#### RESUMÉ OF THE SEASON.

The prospectus for the season 1862 was issued at the latter end of March. One special novelty only was announced—Donizetti's *Don Sebastien*—which, we need not say, was not given. This was unusual. The programme of the Royal Italian Opera has been generally but too liberal in its promises, and the management seldom leaves its pledges unredeemed. The *Figlia del Reggimento* was also set down to be produced, for the first time, at the Royal Italian Opera; but this work, too, we need not say, was not forthcoming. The director, however, made ample amends for his seeming breach of faith, by the production of *Masaniello*, which did not appear in the prospectus, and which the public would naturally prefer to Donizetti's two operas, although one was new to the theatre, and one a particular favourite. Other operas were announced, which could not be given in consequence of the illness of Signor Ronconi, such as *Elisir d'Amore* and *Fra Diavolo*.

The season, on the whole, was less of a "starring" season than any previous one at the Royal Italian Opera. The place vacated by Mad. Grisi was not attempted to be filled up, even with Mad. Csillag and Mad. Penco in the theatre. For the first time, those apparently evergreen popularities of the repertory, *Norma* and *Lucrezia Borgia*, were shelved, and *Don Giovanni*, *Guillaume Tell*, and the *Barbiere* substituted—and with a success that must have surprised Mr. Costa himself. In fact, the masterpieces of Mozart and Rossini proved the real triumphs of the season, and each of them was given ten or a dozen times, thereby proving, beyond all question, that good music was more than ever prized at the Opera. But if Mad. Grisi's place, as a grand dramatic singer, was not supplied, the vacuum she left as a public favourite was soon filled up. Mlle. Adelina Patti, whose career last year was so remarkable, was even more admired and fêted, and proved by far the most attractive feature of the performances. A more genuine and unmade success, indeed, was never achieved, and the management must own itself indebted to the young artist for the brilliant manner in which she carried them through the season. There was good cause for the increased favouritism shown to Mlle. Patti. Her vocal powers had indicated decided improvement, and the new parts she sustained showed newer means and larger accomplishments. But why attempt to account for admiration for what is novel, talented, spontaneous, and charming? Mlle. Patti became the pet of the public at the Opera, and is likely to maintain that enviable position for many years, judging from her youth, her talents, and her enthusiasm.

The names of two new prima donnas lent an interest to the prospectus; they were Mlle. Gordosa and Mlle. Marie Battu—the former unknown, the latter recommended by certain accomplishments at the Italian Opera in Paris. A third "first lady," not alluded to in the programme, also appeared, and is more likely to be heard of in conjunction with the future doings of the Royal Italian Opera than either of her

fair co-rivals. This was Mlle. Antonietta Fricci, of whom more anon. The remaining female singers were all "old hands," Mesdames Csillag, Penco, Nantier-Didiée, Rudersdorf, and Tagliafico; also another unannounced *débütante*, Mlle. Dottini, who filled Mlle. Battu's place in *Masaniello*, and that of Mad. Miolan-Carvalho in *Guillaume Tell*, is entitled to a word of recognition. Sig. Delle-Sedie, whom Mr. Mapleson brought out last year at the Lyceum in the *Ballo in Maschera*, was added to the list of barytones; and two new names, Sigs. Nanni and Capponi, appeared among the basses.

The campaign opened on Tuesday, April the 8th, with *Guillaume Tell*, the cast being the same as last year. It was repeated on the Thursday and Saturday. On Tuesday, the 15th, the *Trovatore* was given with Mlle. Gordosa as Leonora and Mr. Santley as the Count di Luna. The popular English barytone was engaged to fill the place of Signor Graziani, who could not arrive in London in time. Mr. Santley made a great hit. The lady was not so fortunate. Mlle. Gordosa, who is English, had been a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, and was sent to Italy to study singing. Her maiden name is Botibol.

*La Favorita*, although Leonora is one of Mad. Csillag's most powerful impersonations, could not have fared so well by aid of that accomplished artist and Signor Neri-Baraldi, as with Mad. Grisi and Signor Mario. The new basso, Signor Nanni, who played Baldassare, was found a tolerable, if not a first-rate, singer. The *Trovatore* and the *Favorita* were both repeated, meeting, however, with no extraordinary favour. On Thursday, the 24th, the *Prophète* was produced, with Mad. Csillag as Fides, and Signor Tamberlik as Jean de Leyden—two admirably sustained parts, which contributed materially to the success of the opera, one of the most complete and splendid productions of the Royal Italian Opera. The *Prophète* was played three times in succession. On Monday, the 28th—the first extra-extra night—*Dinorah* was given, introducing Signor Gardoni in his original character of Corentino, Mad. Miolan-Carvalho being of course *Dinorah*, and M. Faure, Hoel.

On Monday, May 5th, Mlle. Patti made her *rentrée* in the *Sonnambula*. Her reception was uproarious. It was generally remarked that her voice had gained in strength and volume, and that her execution, without losing any of its former brilliancy, had become more finished. Signor Gardoni was Elvino. Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* was the occasion of the re-appearance of Signor Mario, always an event at the Royal Italian Opera, which took place on Tuesday, the 6th. Signor Delle-Sedie made his first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera in *Renato*, a part, judging from the effect produced both in Paris and London, he seems to have made entirely his own. Mad. Csillag was substituted for Mad. Penco in the part of Amelia, Mad. Didiée played Ulrica, and Mad. Miolan-Carvalho Oscar. Mlle. Salvioni, the graceful and fascinating *danseuse*, who had won so much favour last year when she first joined the company at Covent Garden, danced in the masquerade scene.

*Il Barbiere* was given on Saturday, the 10th, with Sig. Mario as Almaviva, Sig. Delle-Sedie as Figaro, Sig. Ciampi as Doctor Bartolo, and Mlle. Patti as Rosina, her first appearance in the character in London. The acting of the youthful prima donna was full of grace and piquancy, and her singing remarkable for its brilliancy and point. Severe critics, however, took exceptions to the liberties taken with the text, and pronounced the fair artist's performance more "A la rossignol" than "A la Rossini!" Sig. Mario was as incomparable as ever in the Count; Sig. Delle-Sedie intelligent if not humorous in Figaro; and Sig. Ciampi vociferous if not unctuous in Bartolo.

The Monday following gave *Don Giovanni* with a cast identical with that of last year, with the exception of Signor Ciampi being substituted for Signor Ronconi in the part of Masetto—no improvement certainly. It had now transpired that Signor Ronconi had undergone a serious surgical operation, and would not be able to appear during the entire season.

*Rigoletto* without Signor Ronconi would *a priori* seem a simple expenditure of time and means. Nevertheless, such faith had the director in Signor Delle-Sedie's tragic capabilities, that he would fain afford him an opportunity of exhibiting his powers in one of the most difficult characters in the lyric drama. The jester of Signor Della-Sedie was an artistic and earnest performance, but did not tend to remove the tremendous impression left by his predecessor. On Tuesday the 27th *Martha* was produced, with Mad. Penco, Mad. Didiée, Signors Mario, Delle-Sedie and Tagliafico. On Saturday the 31st, the *Huguenots* was produced with a new Valentine, Mlle. Antonietta Fricci. Of the fair *débütante*'s antecedents nothing was known in this country. She created little sensation at the first performance, but improved after a few nights, and seemed gradually working her way into public favour. Mlle. Fricci has undoubted natural gifts which may, we think, be turned to the best account. The cast of the *Huguenots*, in other respects, was the same as last year, including Mesdames Miolan-Carvalho and Didiée,



Signors Mario, Tagliafico, MM. Faure and Zelger. On Monday, June 1st, the *Traviata* was given, with Mlle. Patti, Signors Gardoni and Delle-Sedie. *Lucia di Lammermoor* was performed on Saturday the 7th, and introduced Herr Wachtel in the part of Edgardo. This gentleman has a voice of great capability, but is sadly in want of schooling. Mlle. Patti's exquisite singing and acting in Lucy were all but lost by close approximation to such laboured and rugged art. On Tuesday, the 17th, Mlle. Marie Battu made her first appearance in this country, as Gilda in *Rigoletto*. The young lady was terribly frightened, and could not do herself justice on that occasion. Judging from subsequent performances, we are enabled to pronounce Mlle. Marie Battu a singer of promise rather than accomplishment. She has youth and no mean natural gifts in her favour.

The great event of the season—at least, that looked forward to with greatest interest and curiosity—was the revival of *Robert le Diable*, which took place on Thursday, the 19th. The principal characters were allotted to Mesdames Penco and Mliolan-Carvalho, Signors Tamberlik and Neri-Baraldi, Herr Formes, and Mlle. Salvioni. The magnificence and splendour of the *mise-en-scène*, the costliness and variety of the costumes, and the numbers employed, make *Robert le Diable* one of the grandest spectacular displays produced at the Royal Italian Opera. The performance was given three times in succession. On Tuesday, July 1st, Signor Graziani made his first appearance this season as Enrico in *Lucia*—a character not entirely suited to him. He was received with loud applause.

On the 5th, Saturday, *Martha* was repeated, with two changes in the distribution of parts, Mlle. Patti for Mad. Penco in Lady Henrietta, and Sig. Graziani for Sig. Delle-Sedie in Plunket. Mlle. Patti read the part differently from Mad. Penco, making it far more interesting, and sang the air "The last rose of summer" with an effect not easy to describe. *Don Pasquale*, revived on Saturday, June 12th, introduced Mlle. Patti as Norina, her first essay in the part, and her success was indisputable. Sig. Delle-Sedie was favourably heard in Dr. Malatesta, and Sig. Ciampi unfavourably seen in *Don Pasquale*. Sig. Mario's Ernesto exhibited all the old attractions of—we need not say how many years since. On Saturday the 22nd, the *Trovatore*, with Mlle. Antonietta Fricci as Leonora, in the room of Mlle. Gordosa, a manifest improvement, and Sig. Graziani in place of Sig. Delle-Sedie as the Count di Luna, whereby the popular air "Il balen" was doubly recommended to the audience. On the following Tuesday Mlle. Fricci played Alice in *Robert le Diable*, with Mlle. Marie Battu as the Princess.

Of the production of *Dinorah*, for Mlle. Patti, which took place on Tuesday, August the 5th, and of *Masanietto*, which came off on Thursday, the 7th, so much has been said recently, that nothing further is required here than to state that the former revealed a new talent in the young artist, and that the latter rivals in splendour and completeness *Robert le Diable* and the *Prophète*.

Last night Mlle. Patti's benefit took place, when the scene of the "Shadow Song," from *Dinorah*, was given, with the *Barbieri*, stopt short at the lesson scene, and the *Pas des Patineurs* from the *Prophète*. The house was crowded in every part, and the heroine of the evening recalled frequently and applauded tumultuously.

To-night the season will be brought to a termination with *Masanietto*.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE cheap nights go on swimmingly, and we are promised another week of them. On Saturday *Don Giovanni*; on Monday *Robert le Diable*; on Tuesday the *Huguenots*; on Thursday *Norma*—such has been the programme of the week. To-night (first time) *Martha*, and the new (long-promised) *cantata* from the pen of Sig. Giuglini.

#### MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

##### BOOK FIRST.

To describe the music of Mendelssohn, or Chopin, or any true poet-composer, seems a work of despair. As well try to describe the fragrance of mignonette, or the flavour of a peach, or tell what thoughts compose the charm of the most evanescent and delicious reverie, which knows no reason for itself, and seems to have no aim, although one moment of it weighs more in the memory than weeks of ordinary consciousness. It is exquisitely refined, delicate, dreamy, mystical; yet simple, strong and clear. It takes you within the borders of the marvellous, only to make you feel more at home; it reveals a certain peculiar and very pure sphere of existence, to which the soul seems perfectly native, and which we wonder we have not cultivated more. It is to the every day life of the mind, what plunging into the watery

element is to the body; the same slight shudder and the same fine delight and sense of wholesome, purifying change.

No. 1. (Book I.) A gentle, streamy movement in 4-4 time marked *Andante con moto*, and in the warm key of E major, seems like a hymn of gratitude; the heart so full, so innocent, so constant, in its own tranquil musings unconsciously overflowing with an ecstatic feeling of the unspeakable love that pervades all things. It seems the cool of a soft summer evening. The air and the bass, uniform and stately in their movement, form such counterpoint with each other, as the crystal sky with the dark earth below it, while the even *arpeggio* of the accompaniment between is like the flow of the high air.

No. 2. *Andante espressivo*, in 3-8 measure, in the key of A minor, is a quaint, pensive, melancholy strain—that sort of sweet melancholy which is a luxury to itself, and beautiful to beholders. The melody is very simple. (The motive, for the first four measures, is found almost identical in one of the violin sonatas, if we remember rightly, of Sebastian Bach.) The harmony, which has a melody of its own, is curiously managed, and defies the careless player to anticipate a bar of it. The whole is so subdued and sober, that many an one will play it through several times before its beauty begins to grow upon him, as it infallibly must in the end.

No. 3. *Molto Allegro e vivace*, 6-8 measure, and in A major, seems to have caught and continued the strain of the first movement in Beethoven's sublime Seventh Symphony. The key and rhythm are the same, that peculiar Orphic rhythm, as some one called it, which seems to pervade the universe and carry all things on with it. There is an undying fire of aspiration in it, free from all insane restlessness and impotent impetuosity, wisely reconciled without any loss of force to the severe rhythm of the universe, to unslumbering obedience, brighter and more vigorous than youth's truant enterprise.

The next is brief, and like a broad and ample chorus; a solemn cheerful utterance of a wholesome common sentiment; the grand confession of faith of a true-hearted company, who trust the universe and trust each other, and do not have to try to be religious. It is also in A major, and in common time. Our readers by this time will suspect, without inquiring whether he be Jew, Catholic, Lutheran or Rationalist, that this good Felix Mendelssohn is a religious man, and that his art is holy occupation which the world could not spare.

No. 5 is in the relative minor of the last key, 6-4 measure, and marked *Piano Agitato*. It is full of passion, intense but not noisy. It is the most difficult piece in this collection, woven together with the cunning science of a Bach, and requires that each part in the harmony should be carefully individualised.

The set closes with one of those dreamy "Gondola songs," which we have already described.

J. S. DWIGHT.

VERDI has a curious factotum of a servant, who knows every bar of music his master has written, from *Ernani* and *Nabuco* to *La Forza del Destino*. He is familiarly known as "Verdi's shadow." He has two horses which he calls *Rigoletto* and *Trovatore*. He it is who has taught the peasants on Verdi's estate near Busseto to sing the operatic choruses, so that they welcome their *padrone* with the *Lombardi* chorus,—

"Oh! Signor, dal tetto natio."

This servant's conversation is half made up of scraps from the librettos of the Verdi operas. In St. Petersburg, last winter, he besought his master to hurry back to Italy, or he (the servant) would die with cold—

"Gran Dio! morir si giovane;"

and when the time was appointed to go, sang the air of Elvira—

"Viola o tempo," &c.

Once Verdi nearly frightened him to death by appearing *à la ghost* wrapped up in a white sheet; and when he tore off the disguise and disclosed his identity, the frightened servant could only express himself, with Leonora in the new scene of *Trovatore*—

"Sei tu dal Ciel disceso,  
O in Ciel son io con te."

New York Evening Post.

ULSTER HALL, BELFAST. — (From our own Correspondent.) — The following programme was performed on the organ at the Ulster Hall, by Mr. J. R. Edeson, on the occasion of the Flower Show held there, and gave great satisfaction to an immense crowd of people. Handel's "The horse and his rider," and Bach's difficult fugue in G minor, were played in a masterly manner, and deserve especial commendation. The new organ being built for the Hall by Hill is almost ready for erection; but as no announcement of the inaugural Festival is yet made, what are the directors about? — YOUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

—*Morning Performance*: 1. Wedding March, Mendelssohn; 2. Andante in A, Hesse; 3. Prelude and fugue, A minor, J. S. Bach; 4. Adagio, Op. 34, Mozart; 5. Operatic selection; 6. Chorus, "The horse and his rider," Handel; 7. March, *Le Prophète*, Meyerbeer; 8. Overture. *Evening Performance*: 1. Motett, "Splendente Te Deus," Mozart; 2. Allegretto, "Hymn of Praise," Mendelssohn; 3. Concerto in B flat, Handel; 4. Operatic selection; 5. Fugue, G minor, J. S. Bach; 6. Andante from 1st Symphony, Beethoven; 7. March, *Athalie*, Mendelssohn; 8. Overture, *Masaniello*, Auber.

## SKETCHES OF ARTISTIC LIFE.

### I.

#### SELF-DELUSION.\*

THAT which renders artists most ridiculous is generally precisely that which renders them most happy. Can there be a more happy mortal than a young composer, poet, or painter, who looks upon his production as a wonder? Whoever tries to persuade him of the contrary is, in his eyes, a fool. It is true that a man must possess confidence in himself, otherwise he would undertake nothing. In his mature age, the artist becomes reasonable; his illusions mostly vanish. He no longer overrates himself; he feels in the full possession of his powers, and has enjoyed such frequent opportunities of employing them, that it is not very well possible for him to deceive himself in this respect. Still he always cherishes the hope of doing something better than he has done, and of discovering in himself fresh treasures. Napoleon said at the Moscow: "That is not my battle yet!" Gluck might have said the same thing to himself, in his 60th year, before he had written *Armide*; and Carl Maria von Weber, in his 36th, before he brought out *Der Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, and *Oberon*.

Men who have gained for themselves a high position in any particular branch of art, frequently suffer from a peculiar weakness. This consists in their believing that they have missed their true vocation, and that nature intended them for something different and better. They devote themselves, with especial delight, to some other art, in which they are naturally condemned to lasting mediocrity. Thus Grétry (born in 1771 at Liège) fancied he was a great philosopher! He had written a work: *What we have been*, *What we are*, and *What we shall be*. This, in his opinion, was far superior to his finest scores. With the most ingenious self-complacency, he gives in Vol. I. of his *Mémoires, ou Essai sur la Musique*, 1789, an account of various events in his life. Whenever the conversation turned upon his sculptures, Canova would fetch a freshly-bedaubed tablet, and exhibit it with a smile of paternal pride. Girardet valued his wretched verses far more highly than his magnificent pictures. David regretted having spent his life in painting; he ought, he believed, to have studied diplomacy, being intended by nature to change the politics of the two hemispheres. Such a David might, now-a-days, have become a Goliath. The examples of this mania are so numerous, and present themselves under such a variety of forms, that we have endeavoured to discover the reason of it. Our researches have led us to the following result. In that act, by which he has gained his reputation, the artist sees everything and understands everything; he measures all the resources it offers, and, at the same time, all the difficulties, and the latter are of such a kind that they obstruct even the flight of genius, so that, consequently, it never attains its ideal. Hence the despondency which overpowers the master, while other men are applauding him. It is precisely because the artist adopts a high standard that he is dissatisfied with himself, feeling, as he does, in how much he is deficient. In an art, however, for which he has no true vocation, in which there is no ideal floating before his mind, he finds everything easy; he is contented, therefore, with devoting less trouble to his task, and thinks all the more highly of himself. With respect to the act for which he is not intended by nature, a great man is not even on an equality with the mass; he stands beneath them, and, the lower he stands, the higher is his opinion of his own ability. Were this not the case, how were it possible, out of the millions of the human race, for the composers and virtuosos, whom we may count by thousands, to live in the false belief that each one of them is, by his vocation, a Gluck, a Beethoven, a Paganini, or a Liszt!

The stage especially is the home of the delusions of egotism. Self-delusion drives most persons on the stage, and keeps them there, when they ought to leave it. Men deceive themselves with regard to physical qualifications and material circumstances, even more than with regard to purely intellectual things, for which there is no criterion save that of

the mind. One man thinks himself handsome, and is as ugly as night; another fancies himself young, and has a face full of wrinkles. Possessed of a voice like a duck's or a raven's, a third is intoxicated with the charms of his singing, or rather howling. This seems almost incredible, but proofs are to be found in the first theatre we enter. Let anyone go behind the scenes of an opera house, and observe the slavish throng of flatterers, who flock around a celebrated singer, male or female; let him listen to the praise with which he or she is overwhelmed on leaving the stage, no matter how he or she may have sung! Whether the *prima donna* or the first tenor happen to be in good voice or not, it is always the same eulogistic hymn, the same *unisono* of superlatives: "Bravissimo!" "Divine!" "Excellent!" "What talent!" "What a gem!" "What a wonder!" "What a phenomenon!" "I am still perfectly entranced!" "Just feel how my heart is beating!" "Look at the tears in my eyes!" But the public has remained cold, icy cold, and the claquers alone have applauded; at any rate, it often happens that the audience is dissatisfied, while these false and deceptive triumphs are being celebrated behind the scenes. How can an artist resist the influence of the atmosphere surrounding him? How can he avoid at last regarding himself as a favoured, supernatural being, and sitting enthroned at the council-table of the Gods, when, every evening, so many simple-minded mortals erect an Olympus for him, and place him on it with their own hands?

Let us descend from the highest to the lowest grade in the dramatic hierarchy. Under the tatters of the poorest figurante; under the well-worn, old-fashioned dress-coat of the most wretched chorister; in the prompter's box, we again meet with self-delusion and its deceptions. Were we obliged to give every example we know of this, a book would not suffice; we will restrict ourselves to one. Once upon a time, there was (as is so often the case) a singer, weak in voice and intellect, who took it into his head that he ought no longer to hide his light under a bushel, but air his screeching voice at one of the theatres of the capital. He pays a visit to an operatic manager, who, in consequence of the intercession of a patron, consents to listen to him. After having done so, the manager says to the patron: "Your *protégé* is good for nothing, tell him so." The patron says to the would-be vocalist: "In this theatre there are situations of two sorts; those of the one belong to artists with salaries ranging from 1,200 to 1,500 thalers each, but for these you are not fitted; as *general utility*, or stop-gap, you would receive 300 thalers, but all the places of this kind are filled up." The same evening, the patron receives a note to the following effect: "My dear N. N., I have reflected upon your proposal. As there is no place of 300 thalers vacant, I have resolved on taking one with 1,500 thalers, more especially as I shall enjoy the opportunity of practising and improving myself in my profession."

The stage abounds in such originals—such victims of self-delusion—which, next to the cholera, may be considered as the disease which carries off more victims than any other.

## SONGS FOR MUSIC.

### I.

(Dedicated to the "Welsh Orpheus.")

D. S. Lewis yw'n dewis Lywydd,—ac  
Ein tecaf ddiddanydd,  
Melus aeg, a mael y sydd,  
O ei firain leferydd.

Gor-uthr enwog, gywir athronydd—yw  
Ac eon areithydd;  
Di-ail yw fel da, lywydd  
A law'n rho'i a chalon rydd.

### II.

(Dedicated to the "Welsh Apollo.")

Yr Ifor Hael gyfrifent—yn un mawr—  
Mae hwnw mewn monwent;  
Ond welo'n llawn o dalent,  
Ail hwn gawn yn Mlaenan Gwent.

At rywiog blant yr awen,—chwydda'i serch  
Hedd sydd tan ei aden,  
D. S. Lewis caed oes lawen,  
Ac wedi hen oed, caed y nen.

VIENNA.—According to report, Herr Ferdinand Luib, a writer on musical subjects, has just completed a comprehensive biography of Schubert.

\* Translated from the *Berliner Musikzeitung* expressly for the MUSICAL WORLD.

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 "If I could change as others change" ... .. 2s. 6d.  
 "Fresh as a Rose" ... .. 3s.  
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